Wednesbury Eng
Sept 14th 1889.

My dear Mother.

I am so grieved that you have had such an anxiety with Dora. It is hard that the poor girl should be tormented with that eternal neuralgia again I do most fervently trust for all your sakes that it is quite gone again. Now school has begun you must be sure & get some one in temporarily if she has another attack. Does the little woman buckle to with strength & cheerfulness I am so afraid of your overdoing & getting ill in consequence. The hot weather however you may like it, I know is trying. We are having a bit of beautiful summer

summer weather here but a little hard to get about as there is no livery stable & only a one seated cart thing to be obtained & three of us to squeeze in, neither of us sylphs either in the strictest sense of the term. Our welcome has been most cordial Aunt Sarah a sweet old darling, bright & energetic as if she was 16 instead of 66 or thereabouts. My day & a half in Bristol was a lovely dream of the past. A most interesting old place. Bless Tyles dear old heart I know he is good as gold, dear thought I hope you are having a bit of quiet now the children are in school & again Aunt Sarah's parrot is talking away at such a rate he takes my attention & I cant write decently. He is a most interesting bird, whistles to & fro with Ernest with great delight. He belonged to Aunt Churchill & is loved for her sake. I trust all is well with you dear Ma with fondest love as ever Your child Carrie.

Chepstow
Monmouthshire
Sept^br 18^th 1889.

My precious Family.

I should like a kiss all round this morning We are in the midst of a glorious beautiful country needing nothing but warmth. The sun is bright but the severity of this climate calls for a constant blanket of clouds & then it rains. Yesterday was a real letter day. The first thing in the morning we strolled over Chepstow Castle a grand & interesting old pile of mammoth dimensions exhausted all our adjectives, & then took a carriage to Tintern Abbey by way of a place called The Wind cliffs We drove about two miles & then the driver said he could not take the carriage any higher but we must walk to the summit, & after taking

in the view we could go
down some steps & he would
meet us at the bottom,
when the Moss Cottage
stands, a favorite resort
for picnickers. The road
or rather path up the hill
was well beaten, & led us
about three quarters of a
mile between two rows of
blackberry hedges. The
fruit was not nearly ripe
but a few black ones here
and there rewarded our
search, and made our
stomachs ache, they were
so sour. Suddenly the
road terminated in a little
grove at the very summit
of the cliff, a perpendicular
mass of rock which seemed
nearly as high as the Eiffel
Tower. The broad valley of
the Severn lay at our feet,
& beyond a vast range of
hilly country comprising
parts of nine counties.
It was rather hazy, & owing
to our lack of geographical
knowledge we cant be quite
sure that we saw the whole
nine, but we were amazed
at the magnitude, & delighted
with the exquisite beauty
of the scene. Then came
the steps. There were high
steps & short steps, steps hewn
out of the solid rock & steps
clinging to the side of the
precipice braced with iron
railing. Soon we got down
among the forest trees,
& our stairway was broken
by little bits of sloping stony
ground, with little flights
of steps scattered along the
road, some new & solid &
some worn almost beyond
a safe foothold. We passed
beneath several very old
yew trees, trunks ten or twelve
ft through, split into many
pieces, & each growing away
lustily on its own responsibility
green & festive as ever.

On reaching the Cottage we were surprized at the novelty of its appearance. Outside it was merely a very old fashioned white washed thatched hut, but derives its name from the very unique interior decoration of its guest rooms. A net work of wood stripes is fastened like fine lattice work over the entire walls & ceiling. Every year fresh green moss is gathered, & laid inside the net work of wood, being allowed to project far enough out to conceal the wood, & the effect is entirely a moss grown, moss covered interior. Can you see it through my eyes my starlings? Another long flight of stone steps from the cottage perch, brings us to the road & the waiting carriage. I greeted the driver with, "You were quite correct in your statement that we should find some steps, we did" at which he laughed consumedly as Ernest would say, & all the other drivers chimed in. There are nearly 400.

Now away for Tintern Abby.
but that must wait for
my next, I could not do it
justice in half a letter.
I am writing just after
breakfast while Ernest
has gone to spy out the
land. Having nothing defi-
-nite arranged, he may
come & say we are off on
the next train. Here it is
& says, "Cars start for Monmouth
in an hour", but we return
here tonight.
"Many happy returns" of your
birthday dear Mother.
I hope you are spending
it pleasantly. To my
astonishment Ernest
remembered mine with
a greeting this morning
He is urging me to come
out in the sun & get warmed
up so I must go. Fondest
love to everybody & in haste
I am as ever,
Your lazy loving
Mama.

Mrs Hall
519 Forest Ave
Oak Park.
Chicago Ill.
U S America

OAK PARK, ILL.
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